Aug. 26

# Western Ca

It is even wise to abstain from laws, which however wise and good in themselves, have the semblance of inequality which
The wisdom of legislation is especially seen in grafting laws on conscience.

[BY JOHN BEARD, Jr.] SALISBURY, ROWAN COUNTY, N. C....MONDAY A

## TERMS

*The* **WESTERN CAROLINIAN** *is published once a week at two dollars per annum, if paid within three months; or two dollars and fifty cents, if paid at any other time within the year. No Paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the Editor's discretion.—No subscription will be received for a less time than one year.*

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### *SALISBURY, AUG. 22.*

"Southern editors, and the leaders of party excitements there, seem to be disposed to wrench away the restraints of all northern influence, and although they may offer up themselves on the altar of ruin, they seem determined to give but little heed to any suggestions of their brethren. As in the great question of slavery which is so extensively agitated at the present time. No suggestion can be made in regard to the removal of this evil, other than those which slaveholders believe will perpetuate the curse, without exciting southern jealousy and eliciting the severest censures. This does not look like patriotism, benevolence, and conciliation; but it partakes largely of the spirit of discord, disunion—*political destruction.*

The existence of slavery is felt to be a great evil—an evil which materially affects the triumph of correct political, moral and religious sentiment in our country. It is to be sure involves the interests of one part of the community, but it should be alike interesting to the christian and patriot, the slaveholder and the non slaveholder, and every individual should look well to it that he may be prepared to act as humanity, justice, and expediency, shall dictate. The PEOPLE will sleep no longer on this subject. Europe is extensively agitating the question of immediate emancipation, and preparing herself to throw off from her neck this yoke of despotism, and to sweep from her land this terrible scourge. If the people of the east can rid themselves of slavery, we can do it also, and the only point to settle is, how it shall be effected: If our southern brethren are determined to cry out "oppression," let what will come, then the partial remedy for their complaints must be found as has been the case before, in the stability, decision, and firmness of our chief magistrate.

Nullification exists, and always will exist in some shape or other, till its leaders are taught, by some powerful and effectual means, the inconsistency of their course, the recklessness of their principles, and the folly of their presumption."

The above is from the Newburyport (Massachusetts) Advocate. The Editor seems to think it a great grievance that the Southern people should wish to restrain Northern influence upon a question of vital importance to Southern interests, and Southern security and peace. He forgets, if he ever knew, that the *Constitution* has fixed a restraint upon Northern influence, in relation to the subject of slavery. But it is not surprizing that Northern men should take such a view of the Constitution, and of the rights of the states, when men *among us*, advocate the doctrines of the *proclamation*, the doctrines of *consolidation*, which divest the States of their reserved rights, abrogate the Constitution, and place the minority of the South, at the mercy of a Northern majority. "The existence of slavery," he says, "is felt to be a great evil," &c.

Is it a greater evil *now*, than when the Constitution was adopted? That instrument was framed under a knowledge of the existence of slavery, and recognized it as lawful.

Who can believe that the slaveholding States would have acceded to the Union, if a clause had been inserted in the Constitution, providing for the immediate abolition of slavery? But that which could not be effected by consent then, a party in the country now attempts to accomplish by virtue of construction, by the supreme, magic influence of a majority's right! The "Advocate," points to the example of England, as one proper to be followed by this country in relation to slavery.

This is in good keeping with the old principles of the consolidation party: in their opinion the "Bulwark of the Christian religion," as the patriotic Gov. Strong called her, when his country was engaged in war with that same nation, "can do no wrong;" but whatever she does, is a fit example for our Republican government.

This thorough Jackson Editor sees in the "stability, decision, and firmness of our chief magistrate," a SOVEREIGN remedy for all southern political diseases. We presume it was the discovery of President Jackson's skill in such cases, that caused the University of Massachusetts to dignify his excellency, with the appropriate title of DOCTOR. But we will tell the "Advocate," and his abetters and coadjutors, that the South, unless she proves recreant to herself under the corrupting influence of *Treasury pap*, will always find an antidote to *Doctor* Jackson's ill-timed "stability, decision, and firmness," in the more sovereign remedy of Nullification.

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### *From the N. Y. Courier & Enquirer.*

*Letter on Slavery, in the last number of the NewEngland Magazine.*—It is in vain that Mr. Webster, and the leading politicians of New England, deny that there is any intention in that quarter to interfere with the question of slavery in the South, when we every day see evidences that this interference is perpetually at work, operating on public opinion, by means of letters, addresses, orations sermons, and indeed by appeals to popular feeling through every channel of communication. We have heretofore frequently spoken in commendation of the New England Magazine, as one of the best periodicals of this country; but we cannot refrain from stigmatising with utter reprobation a passage in a letter published in the last number. It purports to be addressed to a gentleman of North Carolina, and couples a positive denial of any intention to uphold the doctrine of "immediate and unconditional emancipation," with the following very frank avowal:

"My own private feelings you know—they are those of utter abhorrence of a system which violates the laws of Nature, and the laws of God; *and were the slaves of the South now in general insurrection, and in open war with the whites, and were I forced to choose one side or the other, I would join the insurgents, and strike with them for the rights of man.*"

We regret to see such sentiments avowed by a writer who is evidently a person of education and talents. In our opinion, they are only worthy of the vulgar hair brained fanatics, who in pursuit of a favorite project disdain all rational calculations of consequences, and are content to wade through oceans of blood, in the hope of reaching a promised land that recedes as fast as they pursue. Here, forsooth, is a philanthropist who would join a mob of infuriated slaves, in one general indiscriminate massacre of white men, women, and children, under the pretext of "striking for the rights of man." It is with mingled sorrow and indignation we see such inhuman sentiments coming abroad under the mask of philanthropy, and as auxiliary to the vindication of "the laws of God and Nature." We had thought that the laws of God enjoined upon us the love of our neighbor; the doing to others as we would wish to be done by; and a fulfilment of all the obligations due to our country and countrymen: and that the laws of Nature were simply those imposed on man by his natural wants and the necessity of supplying them. As to the former, the Scriptures tell us that the Patriarchs, the chosen of the Most High, the objects of his almost exclusive protection and bounty, possessed numerous slaves; and as to the latter, there never was a nation under heaven that did not in its most early stages of existence sanction the practice of slavery.—Before the adoption of the system of exchanging prisoners of war, the only alternative was slavery or death; and hence all history, sacred and profane, sustains the fact of the existence of slavery in the earliest periods of time, and when nations approached nearest to a state of nature. Yet seeing, as they every day see, the efforts making to sow the seeds of discontent, insubordination, insurrection, and massacre among their slaves; and feeling, as they every day feel, the consequences of these eternal interferences between the master and the slave, the Southern Planters are still taunted with the imputation of folly or hypocrisy for expressing their indignation at such cruel tamperings with their lives and property, and their apprehensions of its consequences. "Gentlemen," say such philanthropists as the one we have quoted, "Gentlemen, we neither wish you ill, nor do we intend you the least harm. though you are certainly living in the daily violation of the laws of God and Nature. You are, it is true, our countrymen and brothers; we are your friends, and the friends of the Union—but still, if it comes to the point, we will with great pleasure "defend the rights of man," by assisting the negroes to exterminate you. But for all this, nothing can be more ridiculous than the fuss you make about our interference with your domestic policy."

Is this the way to preserve the Union, and seal the bond of brotherhood between the States? Do the people of the North and East expect to get credit for not meaning to interfere *directly* with the rights of the Planters of the South, while they are perpetually at work *indirectly* undermining their security, sowing the seeds of disaffection, and stimulating the blacks to outrage and murder? What flows naturally, nay inevitably, from the language of the writer of the Letter in the New England Magazine? If slavery is contrary to the laws of God and Nature, then the Negro is authorized by the laws of God and Nature to resort to any measures, no matter how bloody and desperate, to free himself from bondage. He is justified in the sight of God and man in exterminating the whites. Such are the inevitable results of this system of reasoning on a subject more momentous to the future destinies of this country than all others combined. If touched at all, it should be by grave, temperate, philosophical reasoners, instead of mad-headed zealots, who handle firebrands as if they were playthings; who sport with opinions, whose ultimate consequences will sever this great confederation into atoms, and lay waste the most glorious prospect that ever dawned on the hopes of mankind.

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### *From the United States Telegraph.*

### MR. JEFFERSON—NULLIFICATION

A correspondent in the Globe of Thursday last, has made an important discovery in relation to Mr. Jefferson's remedy for violations of the Constitution, in a paper that he drafted in relation to the assumption by Congress of the power to make roads and canals. It has been an unfortunate discovery for the proclamationists, and is directly and strongly in favor of our principles. It shows that Mr. Jefferson had, in 1825, the same ideas of the rights and *remedies*, that he had in 1798.

In the paper drafted by Mr. Jefferson, after declaring the power assumed to be "*a palpable violation* of the Constitution," it proceeds to say:

"That they (the General Assembly,) value too high the blessings of their Union, as to foreign nations and questions arising among themselves, to consider every infraction as to be met by actual resistance; and 'that they owe every other sacrifice to themselves, their federal brethren, and to the world at large, to pursue with temper and perseverance the great experiment, which shall prove that man is capable of living in society, governing itself by laws self-imposed,' &c. 'We proceed (he adds) to make it the *duty of our citizens*, until the legislature shall otherwise and ultimately decide, *to acquiesce in those acts of the federal branch of our government which we have declared to be usurpations*, and against which, in point of right, we do protest as null and void, and never to be quoted as precedents of right.' 'We do therefore enact,' &c. 'that the said laws shall be obeyed as if passed by the legislature,' &c.

Now is not this directly in accordance with all our principles? Has any Nullifier ever contended, that "every infraction of the Constitution" should be followed by State interposition and actual resistance? No! No one has been mad enough to do that. We claim that a State must exercise a proper judgement, a proper discretion, as to what cases constitute a proper object for "*actual resistance.*"

Mark the words which Mr. Jefferson uses—"actual resistance." Every case is not to be met with "actual resistance." The violations in regard to internal improvement formed one of these cases, which were not to be met with "actual resistance." But the very fact of stating that "every case of usurpation of power" is not to be followed by "actual resistance" leads to the inevitable conclusion that there were usurpations which ought to be followed by "actual resistance," and that the legislature is to judge of what are such cases.

Now this is all that we want. And to this point does Mr. Jefferson arrive, as well in this document as in that of the Kentucky resolutions.

The nullifiers did not think, any more than Mr. Jefferson did, that the usurpation in relation to internal improvement, in 1825, or even now, requires the "actual resistance" by the States. They hope to be able to keep it confined within safe bounds, without "actual resistance," but if the necessity of the case should require it, the States are bound to have recourse to it; and we have not the slightest dread of leaving the decision of the case to their wisdom and patriotism. We are convinced that they will not nullify them, without good and sufficient cause; and we are also well convinced that if the necessity of the case, requires it, that their nullification will be just as efficacious as the nullification of the alien and sedition law in '99, and the nullification of the tariff in 1832.

The correspondent of the Globe has been truly unfortunate in his selection of an example to operate against our principles. We beg our readers to attend particularly to one sentence of Mr. Jefferson's remarks, which alone upsets all conclusions hostile to our principles. Mr. Jefferson says:

"We proceed to make it the duty of our citizens UNTIL THE LEGISLATURE SHALL OTHERWISE and ultimately decide," in "these usurpations."

Is not this precisely what we have always contended for? The law obeyed, until the "State" ulti cides upon "actual resistance." gone f rther than Mr. Jefferson Carolina has gone farther than Mr. son recommended to Virginia to go ous to "actual resistance." Mr. Jefferson refers the momentous question to the legislature of the State. South Carolina has said, we wish for a more solemn authority—we will not act without the authority of the people speaking in their highest capacity, through a Convention.

What Mr. Jefferson would have been willing to do in relation to the tariff if he had lived until 1832, it is impossible to say; but if he considered the usurpations of 1825, in relation to internal improvement, of so alarming a nature, as to require their being declared by the legislature of Virginia "null and void," although accompanied by a proviso, that they should still be obeyed, "UNTIL, the legislature declared otherwise," we cannot but think that he would have been doubly alarmed at the giant claims put forward from '28 to '32, to regulate the whole labor of the south, in subordinance to the interests of the north. No man at the south, who has formed a correct opinion of Mr. Jefferson's character, can doubt but that he would have been one of the first to rescue her from the degradation of such a situation. And what would he have thought of the proclamation, and of making war upon a sovereign State?

Suppose that Mr. Jefferson had lived until the burthens and inequalities of the internal improvement system had made it the duty of the State Legislature of Virginia to "otherwise and ultimately decide" that the laws were no longer to be obeyed, as being founded in usurpations, and being null and void. What would he have thought of a proclamation declaring them traitors, and devoting him and them to the halter?

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### FROM THE VIRGINIA TIMES.

### THE SECRET OUT.

Our readers will remember the sudden and, under the then existing circumstances, the sinister termination of the controversy between the State of Georgia and the Cherokee Missionaries, during the last winter, and the suspicious enlargement of Worcester and Butler from prison by Mr. Lumpkin, the complaisant Governor of Georgia. The case involved the sovereign rights of Georgia, and the process of the Supreme Court of the United States had been *nullified* by that State, and the treaty with the Indians effectually set aside by the intervention of the State authorities. An appeal, however, was taken by the Missionaries, and the State cited to appear before the Federal Court—thus presenting a case involving the right of a State to protect its citizens and soil against the power of the Federal Government—or, in other words, the doctrine of Nullification.

In this state of things, South Carolina, acting, on the example set by Georgia, passed her Ordinance of Nullification, and put the infernal tariff under her feet. The two cases, though differing in character and circumstances, presented, nevertheless, the very same principles—and the adjudication of the one was, to all intents and purposes, an adjudication of the other.

Thus stood the two States in precisely the same attitude towards the General Government, when, to the surprise of all, the Cherokee case was suddenly dismissed, and the whole controversy amicably adjusted! The shifting of the scenes excited the attention of the whole country, and led to various speculations. As to ourselves, we are firmly persuaded that it was the result of a despicable intrigue, and for the worst objects. We stated, at the time, our impressions, and expressed the decided opinion that the movement was intended to get Georgia out of the way, in order that Jackson, or they who made him their instrument, might strike a mortal blow at South Carolina. Georgia was a Van Buren State—the traitors, Forsyth and Wayne, had underwritten for it—and, *therefore*, the noose was to be loosened from her neck, in order that it might be more securely fastened around that of South Carolina. A *rival* of Mr. Van Buren lived in this State, and he was to be got rid of—and to effect this object that detestable ear-wig, Van Buren, had inflamed Jackson's passions so violently against him, that nothing but the blood of the peaceful citizens of South Carolina could appease them. We speak of acknowledged facts—of matters of history. War was openly declared by the infernal proclamation—and men and arms sent to sustain oppression by *force*, to sanctify injustice and *murder?* And all this merely to appease the private feelings of Jackson, and to minister to the corrupt ambition of Van Buren. It *could* not, by *any possibility*, have been on account of the principles or acts of South Carolina, because Georgia had not only avowed the same principles, and performed the same acts, but had so acted under the approving smiles of Jackson, and the encouraging plaudits of every kennel press from the Globe down to the Richmond Enquirer.

These were our opinions of the strange—the mad proceedings of Jackson last winter—and of the extraordinary part in the farce which was allotted to Georgia to perform. We well know how completely Georgia [illegible] Jackson might be strengthened for the blow he destened for Calhoun and South Carolina. The secret is, however, out at last; and who do you suppose, reader, were the agents in this nefarious business? Why, no less personages than those who compose the infamous *Albany Regency!* that inquisitorial and corrupt knot of emissaries that cater to the vicious ambition of Martin Van Buren! They took the affairs of Georgia in their own hands, (as they have the affairs of Virginia for the last few years,) and wielded them as their policy required. The late Georgia papers contain letters to Lumpkin—that image of dough that sits in the Governor's chair in Georgia—written by William L. Marcy, (Governor of New York;) Silas Wright, (U. S. Senator, N. Y.;) A. C. Fagg, (Comptroller, N. Y.;) J. A. Dix, (Adjutant General, N. Y.; H. Walworth, (Chancellor N. Y.;) G. C. Bronson, (Attorney General, N. Y.;) S. Dewitt, (Surveyor General N. Y.) and Chief Justice Savage and Judge Southerland—every man of them notoriously members of that corrupt establishment, the Albany Regency! They justify Georgia in her course—acknowledge the correctness of her principles—but yet urge that the Missionaries should be released for *political* reasons. "*We speak,*" say these men, "*as politicians.*" As *tools*—as wicked *tools* rather. What business had they with the question? Did their compassion move them to interfere in order to save the throats of the people of South Carolina from being cut by Jackson's hirelings? No, then compassion and "*political reasons*" went no further than to Butler and Worcester! They were working only for their master.

Thus may the people of this country see by what hands—by what secret machinery their concerns are managed. How completely Van Buren has organized associations for his benefit. It is not said, but we would not be afraid to stake our head on the issue, that if all the letters were published, we should find some from members of the Regency in this city urging the same "*political reasons*" for the release of the Missionaries. Noting the *intent*—regarding the *objects* of the interference of these emissaries, we would ask, is there a man of honesty or honor throughout the Union, who must not condemn them in the strongest terms? Should not the facts put the people on their guard against these secret midnight cabals? These are the invisible agents through whom Van Buren hopes to elevate himself. Unless they are exposed and put down, they will corrupt the integrity of the country—control the action of our State Legislatures, and finally erect a grinding aristocracy on the ruins of our free institutions. Already has the Albany Junta been proclaimed as "dangerous to the liberties of the people"—and we have reasons to believe that the people of New York, like those of Virginia, will at no distant day, rise in their strength, & strangle this atrocious knot of agents.

In regard to this interference of the Albany Junta with the affairs of Georgia, the intelligent editor of the Fredericksburg Arena, (a paper strongly opposed to *us*,) makes the following just observations:

"We here see a specimen of the spirit which actuates the Albany Regency.—Whilst their organ was denouncing the patriotic effort made by Virginia, in her sovereign capacity, to accomplish matters between the Federal Government and South Carolina, they—as mere *individuals*—holding office in the great State of New York—unite in an attempt to induce the State of Georgia, in consequence of the urgency of the crisis, to abandon the course which had been sustained by her citicens, however reprobated elsewhere; release the missionaries, and thus leave Gen. Jackson at liberty to grapple with refractory Carolina, without any fear of a division in her favor by her southern neighbor. The letters were effectual—the Regency triumphed, and to Mr. Van Buren is ascribed the merit of staving off the Georgia question.

"What would be thought of such an interference of citizens of another State with the domestic policy of Virginia? We should like to see their High Mightinesses of Albany make the experiment."

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### FROM THE CHARLESTON MERCURY.

*On which side is liberty most safe?*—The main argument of the consolidationists is, that the same means by which an unconstitutional act may be resisted, may be used against a constitutional act of Congress, and that "a Government which cannot execute its laws ceases to be a Government." They are so careful of the federal Government, that they prefer that it should be unrestricted in any violations of the Constitution, rather than, by recognizing a mode of restricting it, we should subject it to the risk of being at any time interrupted in the exercise of its just authority. The proposition which they would establish, and to establish which all their arguments tend, is, in fact; that a government, which is subjected to no lim- [illegible] one which is submitted.

"The act you would resist," say they, "is unconstitutional—but if you pronounce it so, and proceed to nullify it, you might hereafter take the same course against a constitutional act. Therefore you ought to submit, and suffer the Government to decide on its own limits, and judge of its own acts." We reply, If the Government must cease to exist whenever it is restrained from violating its charter, that it ought to be annihilated: that if it can impose an unconstitutional act, the people are not free: that if it cannot co-exist with the power of the States to protect their rights, it had better be abolished, because we can be free without a federal Government, and a government had better be without power than a people without liberty.

• The consolidationists object to a State being placed over the federal Government, by granting to it the right to adjudge its acts; and we object to the annihilation of the limits of the Constitution, and the reserved rights of the States, by making the Government sole judge of the constitutionality of its own acts, with the power of executing all acts. We contend that the federal Government had better be weak than the States defenceless,—that if the States cannot apply the check, there is no check,—that the charter is then a mockery—the creature independent of its creators the agent of its principals, and the Government consolidated, irresponsible, and unlimited: and that a government which can, of right, enforce all imaginable acts of legislation by the sword, is a pure despotism. Under such a government the States hold their rights as President Jackson kindly concedes them to hold the right of secession, to be exercised, viz, only by permission of the federal Government; for he tells us that secession can only be "allowed" in cases of great misrule and oppression, of which he insists the government committing the misrule is the sole judge. The Government, according to him, have a right to enforce any act by arms, and forcibly to prevent secession so long as it does not confess itself guilty of perjury and oppression. When it pleads guilty it will permit secession.—What an inestimable right to a State!—And to the same nonentity are all the reserved rights of the States reduced, if we allow the federal Government to be the judge of the extent of its own powers.

Which is the most dangerous to liberty, the enforcing power thus claims for the Government in all cases, or the resisting power claimed for the State against what it conceives to be usurpation?

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We hear a great deal in New York of excursions to the country to enjoy its beauties and recruit the system by a short relaxation from the turmoil of the city and the drudgery of business. Would you know of what this ruralizing and *relaxation* consists? I'll inform you. The traveller gets through his business at three o'clock, and after literally snatching a hasty dinner, he commences packing his trunks with the thermometer at 85, and himself and all about him in a state of excitement bordering on insanity. By dint of worrying and scolding he gets his wardrobe in a portable condition, and by giving the hackman a dollar extra he arrives at the steamboat just three seconds before her departure. After attendidg to various necessary arrangements respecting his baggage, &c. &c. he finds time to reflect that all his arrangements have been satisfactorily made, and that he is fairly under way on his tour of *pleasure*. 'Tis true, that as yet it has all been confusion and fatigue; but he thinks nothing of that when it occurs to him that he has selected the very fastest boat on the river, that he is seeing the country at the rate of sixteen miles an hour, and if no accident occurs, that he will arrive at Albany twenty-nine minutes sooner than any other boat. On touching the wharf at Albany a dozen of stage agents make their appearance and the sounds of "Travellers for Saratoga," "Travellers for Lake George," "Travellers for Niagara," are heard in every direction. The last sound strikes the ear of our tourist for *pleasure*, and he enquires, "How many days are you in reaching Niagara?" "Four, sir, we go through by day light." Another agent steps up and says, "We run the Telegraph, sir; it goes day and night at the rate of seven miles an hour, carries only six inside, and reaches Niagara in 48 hours—our fare is of course something higher."—Our traveller looks delighted.—"I care not whether your fare is more or less, yours is the line for me—I am travelling for *pleasure*, and will go with you if you start immediately." In ten minutes more his baggage is in the Telegraph—in less than twelve hours after leaving New York he is rolling on the western turnpike—in a few hours afterwards he commences his napping, which in defiance of the dust and heat, the showers of rain and dews of night, continues with little or no interruption until, at the expira-

[illegible] that the beauties of this country are not to be discovered in a stage-coach moving *night & day* at the rate of 7 miles an hour, and that the wonders of Niagara are not to be seen, nor its grandeur appreciated in a hasty glance when the body and mind are alike labouring under the fatigue and excitement incident to a passage from Albany in the Telegraph. Notwithstanding the insufferable [illegible] of Mrs. Trollope's "*Domestic Manners of the Americans,*" the old lady has told some wholesome truths, and "done the State some service," and I almost wish she had touched upon the popular manner of making excursions to the country for health and *pleasure.*

*New York Courier.*

[illegible].—An article in the Wabash Mercury furnishes the following [illegible] portrait of a thorough party or collar man:

"He uses an argument not because it is correct, but because it is put into his mouth by the powers that be. He adopts an idea, not because it is good, but because it is adopted by the President: He advocates a measure, not because it will be for the good of the country, but because it will be for the good of the party. He is a mere machine—he acts only as he is acted upon. The measure he advocates to-day, if abandoned by the party, he would condemn to-morrow. He is one of those beings whom [illegible] so admirably describes when he says—

'What proves all doctrines plain & clear?
About two hundred pounds a year,
And what was proved quite plain before,
Proved false again? Two hundred more."

He is like one of the following sheep of a flock: as soon as he ascertains by the tinkle of the bell, that the bell-wether is in motion, he shakes his tail, cries baa! and is off in a canter.

## THE NEWS FROM EUROPE.

Having received the Journals brought by the last arrivals from England and France on Saturday morning but a short period before it was necessary to put our paper to press, we were unable then to give more than a summary of the principal items of intelligence. We now furnish additional extracts.

The great questions which have lately agitated Europe are now almost settled, save that in relation to the crown of Portugal; but that country and Spain have become of so little importance in the scale of nations, that the war there excites comparatively little interest. The expedition from Oporto, which has landed at Lagos, is composed entirely of Portuguese troops; the foreign mercenaries have remained behind at Oporto with Don Pedro. It is difficult to conjecture the precise objects of this expedition.—At first it was supposed that it was destined for Lisbon, and that by a bold stroke at the heart of his rival's power Don Pedro would bring the contest to a speedy termination; indeed it is stated in one of the last London papers, that the general opinion in that metropolis was that it would still proceed thither; we, however, think this improbable, and that this new expedition has been undertaken with a view to give the people an opportunity to show the attachment it is said they feel to the constitutional cause, and to which, while Don Pedro was hemmed in at Oporto, there was little to encourage them. The appointment of General Bourmont to the command of Don Miguel's army, is a very extraordinary one. In the imperial armies of France his name was little known until the battle of Waterloo, and there it was coupled with treachery. The success of the expedition commanded by him against Algiers can hardly be considered a military trophy, for the force he commanded was so overwhelming that he looked down any thing like serious opposition. It would appear that General Solignac, who commanded in Oporto, had received a slight wound before he left that place for France. It is not mentioned in what engagement.

The French Chambers were prorogued at the close of the month of June, without any speech from the throne. It is maintained by the opposition papers that a dissolution of the Chamber of Deputies must ensue, for although the Chamber has not been in existence the full period allowed by the Charter, still having twice voted two budgets in one year, and the Charter not contemplating more than one should be granted to the Government during that period of time, the spirit and meaning of the Charter require that elections should take place. The question of the fortifications of Paris is likewise one which continues to excite general attention in France.

The prorogation of the British Parliament is believed to be not far distant, unless a collision should take place between the two Houses, which now seems less probable. There are still four or five important measures, however, pending before them, [illegible] have quarrel among themselves, because there seems a general eagerness to overreach each other in the distribution of the money. They dispute the justice of the rule laid down for allocating the bounty of Parliament, and in the avarice of all, there is danger of the measure being delayed. The plan originally proposed was that each colony should be estimated by its exports, but those whose foreign trade is scanty, demur, for it appears that while a slave, by this calculation, in one island would be worth only 15*l.* in another place he would be worth 76*l.* There is evidently something wrong here, but as Mr. Stanley's bill is not yet published, the objection may be obviated.

The bank question has evidently perplexed Lord Althorp; deficient in the firmness which renders less amiable men respectable, he has, in his wish to conciliate all, rather impaired his measure and not benefitted his own financial reputation.—The country bankers have triumphed over him, and yielding to their power, but not to their arguments, he has abandoned that part of his plan which related to them.—He has sacrificed a little to the [illegible] currency men, for he has made bank of England notes payable in gold no where but at the mother bank. By the original proposition, they were to be payable at the branch banks, but now that seeming advantage is done away with, and notes are to be convertible into sovereigns no where but in London. It is difficult to say how this plan will work, but as it will, no doubt increase without depreciating the currency, we may fairly calculate on its producing a beneficial effect on the industry of the country.

*New-York Courier.*

## LETTER FROM MAJ. DOWNING.

Boston, June 26, 1833.

*Dear Uncle Josh.*—I suppose that you have seen in the newspapers all that I and the Gineral have been about since we started on our tower; but I must tell you of our reception at Harvard College, a school as much beyond our school down at Downingville, as I am bigger than you be.—Well; yesterday morning, says the Gineral to me, Major Downing says he, I'm a going to see Cambridge College, that's flat—I'm glad of it, Gineral, says I; 'twould never do for two distinguished strangers to go away without seeing it: and besides they want to make you L. L. D. Fiddle de-dee! says the Gineral, as mad as a hen stuck in a fence, what the duce is that?—Why, Gineral, says I, it's a Doctor. A Doctor, says the Gineral, and he fetched his knuckles down upon the table with an eternal wipe, make a doctor of me! If they dare to do it, they'd better swallow nutmegs than the pills I'll give 'em—I'll crack them with my pestle—I've let blood afore now. Why how you talk! Gineral, says I, it's a doctor of laws they want to make out of you. I want to know! says the Gineral, I never heard of such a crittur, but it's no bad notion—I guess I know something about that are business of doctoring laws. There's Clay's land bill that will never want a doctor no more—and the bank bill, I did the business for that in less than no time—quicker than ever doctor finished a sick man yet; and I'm apt to think it was that veto consarn that put the College into a notion of making me a doctor.

May be, Gineral, says I, it's what you had to say about that are second article.—You get out! says the gineral, says he, least said about that's soonest mended: that article might have made some of these very folks stand upon nothing, and pull hemp. However, Gineral, says I the long and short on't is, that the name Doctor of Laws, as I've heard tell, is a compliment that Colleges give to men of letters.—Like enough, says the Gineral, says he, and now I think on't I guess that Silas Dinsmoor letter of mine did the business—it's the prettiest thing I ever writ.—But Lord! Major Downing, says he, if they give them are compliments to men of letters, you ought to have one, sartain—for you've writ more letters than there are musquitos in New England: and I guess I'll just give some on'em a nudge, to shell out one for you and one for Major Eaton—for he can say his letters about as well as I and you, So off we sot, I and the Gineral and the t'others. Mr. Van Buren and [illegible], and soon got to the College; and then they stuck us up in the Chapel, and the President Quincy made a speech, and told us that he was near about ready to faint, he was so glad that we'd condescended to come and see'em. Why! fact! Major Downing, says the Gineral, Mr. Quincy's a talkin plain English—there an't a pot hook nor trammel in a word he says—I like that, for I can't make head or tail of your lingo-frank.

Stop a bit, Gineral, says I, and you'll get pot hooks and trammels to your heart's content. But Major Downing, says the Gineral, how am I to manage when I see pot hooks coming? Why Gineral, says I in a kind of a whisper, you've nothing to do but just to wink now and then, [illegible], and look ever so knowing [illegible] begin to think you know [illegible] better than they do themselves [illegible] the pot hooks and [illegible] along, sure enough. A [illegible] up, and whippered away [illegible] droll lingo, and the Gineral [illegible] nod and wink, and wink and [illegible] as knowing as a rooster in a [illegible] and now and then scrape out [illegible] as to be polite, as if he knew [illegible] well as the things at the head [illegible] of the 119th psalm; only once, [illegible] his head down to me, and says [illegible] Downing, says he, if you hunch [illegible] now, and make me snicker, I'll [illegible] death of you.—Then President [illegible], he got hold of the pot hooks too, [illegible] give the Gineral his degree; and [illegible] as the Gineral had got it, halloo, says [illegible] to the President, neighbor, says he, can't you got some more of these gimcracks! I want one a piece for Major Downing here and Major Eaton, you know him; he that use to make my war reports. However, we came away with a flea in our ear, for the President of the College stood to it, that he'd got no more on hand—and I and Major Eaton must wait a spell before we come to be Doctors.

Your loving Nephew.

MAJOR JACK DOWNING.

*From the New York Evening Post.*

## NAVAL ANECDOTE.

Some time in the early part of the late war, between the United States and Great Britain, as the frigate President, Commodore Rogers, was standing in for Block Island, between Gay Head and Montaug Point, under a full complement of canvass she espied a long sharp "clipper built" schooner, with English colors under the lee bow, sailing towards her, bearing a set of signals which were not understood; the schooner was therefore pronounced to be an enemy's vessel.

The Commodore, however, by way of making a feint, ordered a flag run up, and hauled down again immediately. This had the effect intended; the Schooner, believing that his signals had been duly answered, and not willing to appear dull on the occasion, forthwith hauled down the signals and stood for the President; supposing her to be one of His B. M. frigates.

The President now hove too under English colors.—The Schooner came along side and was hailed, "What schooner is that?" "His M. Schooner Highflyer," was the answer. "come on board, Sir, with your papers." Aye, aye, Sir. The boat was now hoisted out, and a British Lieut. came along side. He was piped over the gangway, and immediately ushered into the cabin, where sat Com. Rogers, to whom he handed his instructions. Umph, so, Sir, you are looking out for the American Frigate President, Com. Rogers. Where did you leave the squadron? "Yesterday morning, off back Long Island, Sir." "How was Com. Hardy?" "He was very well, Sir." "Have you a sufficient description of the President to enable you to recognise her when you shall see her?" "O, yes, sir, we cannot fail to know her immediately."—"Well, Sir, without keeping you longer in suspense, I have the honor to inform you that you are now on board the U. S. ship President, and I am Com. Rogers!!"

Meantime all hands being piped to dinner, the officer of the deck ordered the boatswain's mate to invite the men who were in the boat to come up and partake with the crew.

The boatswain's mate accordingly looks over the side, says—"Shipmates, come aboard and get some dinner."—"Shipmates, eh," says a dry old fellow in the act of taking out his last hour's quid of tobacco, and looking up at the same time very quizzically at the President's jib—"I say, Tom, do you twig that *split canvass jib*? Shiver my topmasts, but *Brother Johnathan* has diddled us this time; as sure as the devil's in Lunnun.—But never mind, Tom, we'll go aboard and see our new messmates—mayhap we shall find plenty of Yankee grog, with a dish of *long sweetnings,* and a comfortable drop of old *Kentuck.*

LONG TOM.

*The odd Family.*—In the reign of William III. there lived in Ipswich, in Suffolk, a family which, from the number of peculiarities belonging to it, was distinguished by the name of the *Odd Family.* Every event, whether good or bad, happened to this family on an odd day of the month, and every one of them had something odd in his or her person, manner, and behaviour: the very letters in their christian names always happened to be an odd number. The husband's name was Peter, and the wife's Rabah; they had seven children, all boys, viz. Solomon, Roger, James, Matthews, Jonas, and Ezekiel. The husband had but one leg, his wife but one arm. Solomon was born blind of the left eye, and Roger lost his right eye by an accident; James had his left ear pulled off by a boy in a quarrel, and Matthew was born with only three fingers on his right hand; Jonas had a stump foot, and David was hump-backed; all these except David, were remarkably short, while Ezekiel was six feet two inches high at the age of nineteen; the stump footed Jonas and the hump-backed David got wives of fortune, but no girls would listen to the addresses of the rest. The husband's hair was as black as jet, and the wife's remarkably white, yet every one of the childrens was red. The husband had the peculiar misfortune of falling into a deep saw-pit, where he was starved to death in the year 1701, and his wife refusing all kind of sustenance, died in five days after him. In the year 1709 Ezekiel enlisted as a grenadier, and although he was afterwards wounded in twenty three places, on the same day, in 1713, and Soloman and Ezekiel were drowned together in crossing the Thames in the year 1723.

Mr. Jeremiah Swipes entered [illegible] ...cary's store a few nights since, with a pale haggard and wo-begone countenance, and after three or four heavy sighs asked a young man behind the counter if he had any poisons?

'Yes, sir,' was the reply, 'we have a variety of poisons.'

'Well—fill this 'ere bottle with laudanum—I'm sick, and want some poison—Oh! my heart!'

The last ejaculation somewhat astounded the apothecary, and rather put him on his guard, for the wo-begone appearance of Jeremiah was well calculated to excite suspicion, he therefore filled the phial with colored water, and handed it to the customer,

'Will this do the business,' asked Swipes, shaking the mixture, and looking volumes of despair.

'I think it will,' replied the young man 'I have never known it to fail yet, even in the most desperate cases of your complaint, which appears to be *delirium peticotium.*'

'Oh! sir—I will take all, and—here's a quarter dollar—adieu, sir.'

The young wag determined to see the effect of his new nostrum, followed the desperate lover through a number of streets, until they reached a rickety old building in Essex street, which had from time immemorial borne rather a doubtful character. Jeremiah knocked at the door, which was opened by a sturdy looking wench, who, if she did not, as Byron has it, 'walk in beauty's light'—at least walked in the light of a two cent candle, which she held rather gracelessly in her hand.

'Oh! Susan!' exclaimed Swipes, drawing his hand across his eyes, 'I have come to bid you a long and last farewell. This 'ere bottle what I've got in my hand holds the stuff what will unite time and eternity; I told you, you treated me so cruelly, I meant to take poison.'

'Take it and be hanged' replied Susan, snubbing up her nose. 'but before you do, I think you had better settle up your scot with the widow for six weeks board and lodging—washing in the bargain. But Susan won't you have me?

'You! ha—ha! why I'd walk barefoot all the days o' my life, and die in the Alms-house, afore I'd have you!'

'Then the thing's settled,' groand Jeremiah, behold the victim of your cruelty.'

Suiting the action to the word, he swallowed the contents of the phial, he laid down on the pavement as he expressed it, to sleep the sleep of death! while the relentless fair slammed the door and retired to sleep, perchance to dream.'

*Baltimore Visitor.*

*The Biter Bitten.*—A few days ago, as one of the Merchant Tailors in Market street was patiently waiting the calls of customers, a robust, honest looking fellow, stepped into the shop, who looked as though he needed an outfit, his habiliments being rather the worse of the wear. After the usual inquiries as to prices, &c. he concluded to rig himself out with a new suit. He doffed his old coat and vest, and very soon found substitutes for them among the various samples spread out before him by the accommodating supplier. Having found pantaloons that pleased him, he walked into the back room to see whether they were of sufficient length and breadth, which being the case, he very unceremoniously kicked his old ones out of the way, and made for the back window. With wonderful dexterity he leaped over the different walls, woodpiles and high fences that obstructed his progress, and was soon farther than "speaking distance from the tailor's shop and his tattered rags. The honest shopkeeper began to wonder at his delay, and proceeded to the room where he had left his customer; but, lo! the bird had flown, and left not a wreck behind," save his threadbare breeches, no very profitable exchange for the new suit. He in vain looked through the window for the rascal, or peered into his own and the adjoining yards, and soon made up his mind that he might as well set down customer and clothes as among the missing. After thus disposing of the absentees, he very naturally and mechanically proceeded to ransack the pockets of the old trowsers, which were left, where he soon found a pocket book, forgotten, doubtless, by the gentleman in his haste to procure the spoils, upon opening which his glad eyes were greeted by the cheering sight of bank notes. When he unrolled them, he counted ten dollars—*three dollars more than the garments were worth which the unfortunate rogue ran off with.*

*Albany Evening Journal.*

*Advantage of Religion in the opinion of an Infidel.*

Who would dare in casting a glance at the career traced for us, to declare the succor of religion useless and superfluous? The sources of our sorrows are numerous: we may be persecuted by power, calumniated by falsehood. The bonds of a society, altogether factitious, wound us. Destiny strikes us where we have garnered up our affections. Old age, that sombre and solemn epoch, steals upon us, spreading chillness and dullness over the objects by which we are surrounded. We search every where for consolations, and almost all our consolations are religious. When the world abandons us, we form an alliance above the world. When men persecute us, we create for ourselves an appeal beyond men.—When we see our most cherished illusions—justice, liberty, patriotism—vanish, we console ourselves with the belief that a Being exists who will reward us for having been faithful, in despite of our age, to justice to freedom, and to our country. When we regret a beloved object, we throw a bridge over the abyss that seperates us, and traverse it in thought. Finally, when life glides away from us, we press forward to a new state of existence. Thus is religion the faithful companion, the ingenuous and indefatigable friend of the unfortunate. He who regards as errors all these hopes, should, in my opinion, be more profoundly affected than any others by this universal concourse of all suffering beings; by the demands of grief addressed to a heaven of brass, from all quarters of the globe, to remain without answer; and by the deception which gives a reply the confused noise of so many prayers, echoed in distance through the air. It is easy to exhibit the littleness of man and the immensity of the universe; but if we place the greatness of man in what really constitutes it—in his soul, in his sentiments, in his thought, all these philosophic declamations become as the idle wind. There is more greatness in a noble thought in a profound emotion, in a sublime act of devotion, than in all the mechanism of celestial spheres.

*Benj. Constant's Posthumous Works.*

*From the Newbern Spec. of the 10th, inst.*

On Tuesday last a meeting of the citizens of this town and county was held at the court-house, for the purpose of ascertaining and concentrating publick opinon on internal improvement. Mr. Gaston, and other spirited gentlemen, addressed the meeting, but as we were necessarily absent to nearly the close of the proceedings we are unable to report even the substance of their remarks. Of their effects, however, we can speak with certainty. Every person present was fully convinced of the necessity of energetick action, and of the sources of competence or wealth which are within our reach, and not only within our reach, but of easy attainment, if unanimity of purpose direct our councils.—Nothing definite was done at the meeting, as will be seen by referring to the proceedings in another clumn, but we look forward with hope to the convention which will be held at Kinston, in September.—If there be amongst us any that are lukewarm on the subject of rail roads, we would cite to them the success of similar improvements in various parts of the Union.—The Camden and Amboy rail-road, between Philadelphia and New-York, cost upwards of $18,000 a mile exclusive of engines, cars, &c., and the stock of the company is now quoted at 155 to 160. The New Castle and French Town rail-road, in Delaware, cost $25,000 a mile and the stock is 166. The Hudson and Mohawk road, from Albany to Schenectady, which is said to have cost $50,000 per mile, produces a profit to the stockholders of 32 per cent. The Baltimore and Ohio rail-road, as far as completed, (about 70 miles,) which cost $30,000 per mile, is also found to be profitable, although the transportation of merchandise and passengers on it has hitherto been effected by horses. The average cost of these northern roads is about 30,000 per mile. This statement might intimidate our fellow citizens from attempting so vast an undertaking; but when we inform them, from authentick sources and good authority, that a rail-road in North Carolina can be built for *one fifth*, or less than one fifth, of this average northern cost, we hope they will be encouraged to proceed. The South-Carolina road is a air experiment, and its cost did not go beyond this limit when engines, cars, survey &c., were included. The nature of the country through which our road will run, is such, that to lay down the road will be the only labour; no levelling is necessary; nature has done that most effectually. Timber is cheap and plentiful, the price of the lands through which it will pass is merely nominal, while those at the north were purchased at a high rate; and slave labour is at least 25 per cent. lower than that of white men.

*U. S. Bank.*—It is currently reported through the city (says the *Philadelphia Gazette,*) that the mission of Amos Kendall to the Philadelphia Banks, in reference to the Government deposits, has been altogether unsuccessful. With a solitary exception, it is said, all the Banks have refused the deposits on any terms.

London 23d June.—*Royal Institution.*—Friday evening Mr. Brockedon delivered a lecture upon the properties and present uses of caoutchouc, or Indian rubber, the former uses of which were only for the rubbing out pencil marks. It was introduced into this country about a hundred years since, and is now used for making water-proof clothes, and elastic materials of every description. It is particularly adapted to surgical bandages, and all materials where an equal pressure is required, which can be regulated by the wearer. The lecturer stated that he was much indebted for the substance of his lecture, and the materials furnished, to Messrs. Cornish & Co. of Holloway, who have a very extensive factory. The cutting of the Indian rubber into fine threads is done by machinery, and so rapid are the effects of the machine, that two girls, by the aid of steam power, can cut into threads not much coarser than thick sowing thread, 240,000 yards per day, 80 000 yards of which weigh a pound. A curious experiment was also exhibited, the strengthening of rotten Indian rubber; a strand being dipped in a solution, immediately became perfectly strong. The lecturer stated, however, that his hearers might wish to have the knowledge of this secret. He was not acquainted with it, but the result was certainly most important to the professors of it. The machinery, and secret mode of strengthening the Indian rubber, although in the hands of Cornish &co., he stated was the invention of Mr. Sievier, the sculptor. Whale fishing lines, elastic cables, and ropes, were exhibited, and their utilities ably spoken of by the lecturer.

*Equivocal Civility.*—A customer having the other day complained to a grocer of the quality of his sugar, the knight of the tea chest told him if he did not like it he might *lump it.*

*How are the Stars the Poetry of Nature?* Not certainly on account of their visible splendor; for the gas lamps in a single street of this metropolis outshine the whole hemisphere on the clearest winter evening; nor on account of their beautiful configurations; for the devices chalked on the floor of a fashionable ball room, to the mere animal eye, would be more captivating. It is from causes having affinity to mind, not matter; to truth, not seeming, that the stars may indeed be called the poetry of heaven. The bodies alone appear to us the identical luminaries, in lustre, movements, and relative [illegible] which they appeared to Adam and Eve in Paradise, when—

"At their shady lodge arrived, both stood,
Both turned, and under open sky ador'd
The God that made both sky, air, earth
and Heaven,
Which they beheld: the moon's resplendent Globe,
And starry pole."—*Para. Lost, Book IV.*

They appear to us the same as they did to Noah and his family; when they descended from the ark in the silence of an unpeopled world; and, as they did to the builders of Babel, when the latter projected a tower whose top should reach Heaven. (By the by we do not know whether La Place would agree to this.) Once more—and oh! how touching the thought—the stars, the unchanging stars, appear to us with the same placid magnificence, as they were seen by the Redeemer of the world, when, having sent the multitude away, he went up into a mountain apart to pray; and when even was come, he was there alone, "& continued all night in prayer to God."—Matt. XIV. 23—Luke VI. 12.

"Cold mountains and the midnight air,
Witness'd the fervor of his prayer;
The desert his temptation knew,
His conflict and his victory too."—*Watts.*

The stars, then, have been the points where all that ever lived, have met; the great, the small, the evil, and the good, the prince, the warrior, statesman, sage; the high, the low, the rich, the poor, the bond and the free; Jew, Greek, Scythian and Barbarian. Every man that has looked up from the earth to the firmament, has met every other man among the stars, for all have seen them alike, which can be said of no other images in the visible universe! Hence by a sympathy neither affected nor overstrained, we can, at pleasure, bring our spirits into nearer contact with any being that has existed, illustrious or obscure, in any age or country, by fixing our eyes—to name no other—on the morning or the evening star, which that individual must have beheld a hundred times.

'In that same place of heaven where now it shines,' and with every aspect which the beautiful planet wears to us, and with which it will continue to smile over the couch of dying, or the cradle of reviving day."

*J. Montgomery's Lectures on Poetry, &c.*

The plan of the defence of New Orleans was laid by no less a personage than General Moreau, during his visit to that city in 1810. It happened on this wise; General Moreau, the Hon. Edward Livingston, and a French officer of engineers, were returning from an afternoon's ride in the neighborhood of the city, and passed over the ground that afterwards became the scene of the battle. With the quick eye of a military man of science, General M. observed the advantages presenting themselves for defensive military operations. Pointing with his hand—"There," said he, "should your city ever be threatened by invasion—there is the proper place for the line of defence." Other conversation as to the details followed—and the ride was ended. Gen. Moreau returned to Europe, and fell in the ranks of Napoleon's enemies. The French officer of engineers settled in New Orleans. In process of time New Orleans was invaded. A general of energy but ignorant of tactics, who had "never set a squadron in the field," was sent to the command. Mr. Livingston and the French engineer volunteered as the aids of the General; the conversation with Moreau was recollected—and at the instance of these gentlemen, the plan of the defence suggested by the great French commander, was adopted. The result is known.

*N. Y. American.*

*Gomez, the Mexican Robber.*—This [illegible]inous robber, with four hundred associates, inhabited the extensive forest of [illegible] Mexico, and committed the most atrocious [illegible] and was guilty of the most heartless and diabolical cruelties. No traveller was safe, high or low, rich or poor; and the name of Gomez spread terror in every direction. His power was so great the government was intimidated, and was unable to root him from his strong holds.

The following is an instance of the refinement and cold blooded barbarity with which he inflicted death. A poor fellow travelling near St. Martins overtook a man on the road and entered into conversation with him, in the course of which he observed that he hoped that he might never fall into the hands of Gomez. 'Why not?' asked his companion. 'Because' continued the traveller, 'he is not only partial to robbing his victim, but he delights in shedding of blood, & in the exercise of cruelty.'

'And who told you that?' said his fellow pedestrian; 'common report,' said the traveller, 'and I know for certainty that he murders every man he captures, and washes his hands in the blood.'

'Indeed,' replied the other, 'now you shall be convinced, for here,' said he, pointing to a path in the wood, 'is the way to the abode of Gomez and I will take the liberty to introduce you to him.' In vain the traveller expressed his detestation of his new acquaintances, and urged the importance of his business; he was forcibly conducted to the ground, and then had the inexpressible horror of finding the robber to be his companion.

'Here,' said Gomez to some of his gang, 'bring that chest here.' It was brought. 'Now get in here,' he continued to the trembling traveller, which being complied with the lid was fastened down, when Gomez said to him. 'Now Senior, you shall know how false is common report. You shall die, but your blood shall not be spilt, neither shall I gloat over thee, or wash my hands in the streams of life—now starve, suffocate and die.'

The poor wretch in vain solicited mercy and perished while the brutal murderers were laughing at his woes, and gambling on the chest! *Philadelphia Intell.*]

## JANET McCREA.

A correspondent of the Journal of Commerce gives the follow version of the murder of Miss McCrea:

I visited to-day the pine tree, near Fort Edward where during the revolution, *Jane McCrea* met her melancholy fate. The tree is apparently of greater age than any in the neighboring forest, and from its size, it forms a prominent object on the road. The spring which formerly bubbled up beneath it and rendered it a resting place for the thirsty and wearied huntsman and warrior, has dried up and disappeared, as if abashed by the blood which has stained its chaste waters.—The tragical story of Miss McCrea has been often told, but in all its different versions, there are, as I am induced to believe, many material errors as to fact. The most popular version, is, that her lover despatched for her a party of Indians, with a promise of a large reward in case they should bring her in safety to the camp; that uneasy at the long absence of the Indians, he dispatched another party with similar orders and a similar promise; that the former party had conducted Miss McCrea, with her female attendant, as far as the pine tree where they halted, and where they were met by the latter party; that here a quarrel arose between the two parties, both of which claimed the right of conducting Miss McCrea to the British camp, and the consequent reward; and that they ended the quarrel by cruelly murdering the unfortunate young lady who was the subject of the dispute. But it is incredible that a lover should commit his betrothed to the escort of drunken and brutal savages, particularly as there was no necessity for it, as the British army was within a day's march of Fort Miller, where the lady was left by her lover, and where, as he had every reason to suppose, she was in perfect security. The facts are, as I have learned them from gentlemen in this vicinity; as follows:—Miss Janet McCrea was the daughter of a respectable clergyman in New-Jersy, and shortly previous to the commencement of the war, she came up to Fort Miller to reside with an aunt. At Fort Miller she became betrothed to Lieutenant Jones, a young man of reputable character & connections resident in this vicinity. Jones espoused the royal cause, joined General Burgoyne at the head of a company of tories, and accompanied him in his disastrous march from Canada to the Colonies.

The British army had entered this country and were encamped a few miles from this village, when the whole country being in a state of alarm and confusion, Miss McCrea, for a greater security, and perhaps to be nearer to her lover, left Fort Miller, and sought protection under the roof of a widow lady, who was a relative to Gen. Burgoyne, and resided at Fort Edward, two miles from this village, and about six from Burgoyne's camp. At this time a large party of Indians who accompanied the British, were ravaging the country in advance of the army, for the purposes of blood and plunder. Concealed in a ravine near Fort Edward, they fired upon an American scouting party who had come out from the Fort, and rushing from their ambush pursued them in their retreat. Two Indians pursued one man into the settlement near Fort Edward, and followed him over a causeway across the marsh, into a house where he sought shelter, and there scalped him. This was the house of the widow lady with whom Miss McCrea was. The Indians plundered the house and carried off the two females as prisoners, mounting them on horses which they found near the place. They then returned as far as the spring under the pine tree where they halted, and were joined by others of their party. Here they stripped the old lady almost entirely of her clothing, and proceeded to rob Miss McCrea, in like manner. But with a view to rob her more conveniently, they first shot her dead, as she sat on horseback. A scout coming at the moment, the Indians retreated. One man who belonged to the scout is still living at this place, and gives, as I learn, the above account of the transaction. He assisted to bury Miss McCrea at the foot of the tree where she fell. Some years ago her remains were taken up and interred in the burial ground at Fort Edward. Lieutenant Jones, soon after hearing of the disaster, abandoned the army and returned to Canada.

THE CAROLINIAN.

[illegible]

SALISBURY:

AUGUST 26, 1833.

## Election Returns.

### CONGRESSIONAL ELECTION.

The following gentlemen are reelected without opposition:

A. H. Sheppard, A. Rencher, Henry Connor, Jesse Speight, Thomas A. Hall, W. B. Shepperd.

Lewis Williams, Esq. was reelected, over his opponent Samuel King, Esq.

Gen'l. D. L. Barringer, over J. G. A. Williams, Esq.

Genl. M. T. Hawkins, over Messrs. Williams and Gilliam.

Gen. J. McKay, over Mr. Deshong.

In the mountain district, Jas. Graham is elected over Mr. Carson, the old member.

In the Fayetteville district, Col. E. Deberry has succeeded against L. Bethune, who beat him two years ago.

In the Halifax district, Jesse A. Bynum is elected over his opponent, Col. Joyner.

*Iredell County.* Joseph P. Caldwell s. Jas. A. King and Wm Botts, c. Saml. R. Bell, s.c.c. A. K. Simonton, c.c.c.

*Ashe.* George Philips, s. Jonathan Horton & T. Witcher, c. no opposition. J. P. Waugh, s.c.c. J. Ray, c.c.c.

*Surry.* W. P. Dobson, s. D. W. Courts and H. M. Waugh, c. W. Somers, s.c.c. F. K. Armstrong, c.c.c.

*Wilkes.* Gen. Ed. Jones, s. B. F. Martin and W. Horton, c. Gen. S. F. Patterson, s.c.c. Maj. W. Mastin, c.c.c.

*Stokes.* Mat. R. Moore, s. J. F. Poindexter and L. Zigler, c. T. T. Armstrong, s.c.c. J. Hill, c.c.c.

*Cabarras.* Senate—Geo. Klutts 213; J. C Barnhardt 139; J Russell 85.—Commons. D. M. Barringer 799; Wm. McLean 466; George Ury 312.

C. C. Clerk.—Jas. G. Spears 668; E. G. Rogers 34.

S. C. Clerk.—D. Coleman 652.

*Chatham.* N. A. Stedman, s. R. C. Cotton and J. S. Guthrie, c.

C. C. Clerk.—Ragland 1003, Underwood 303.

S. C. Clerk.—Thompson 584, Bynum 509, William 241.

*Guilford.* G. C. Mendenhall, s. D. Thomas and A. Peeples, c.

C. C. Clerk.—W. W. Woodburn. S. Court Clerk.—T. Caldwell.

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We have seen it somewhere related, of one of the great Irish Orators, we think it was Burke, that when he was making his celebrated speech in the British Parliament against Warren Hastings, on his impeachment for high crimes and misdemeanors, some miserable ministerial tools, the servile sycophants of power, began to yelp, for the purpose of interrupting the orator's invective; and the only notice that he condescended to take of this pitiful attempt, was the short exclamation,—'What! is it supposed that I am to be hindered by the barking of curs, whilst attacking the *Royal Tiger of Bengal.*'

The "barking" ceased, instantly, and the speaker proceeded. And so shall we proceed in the discharge of our duty, though the whole kennel should be let loose, with "Tray, Blanche, and Sweet-heart" dogging at our heels. We have been assailed for the last two months, with the cuckoo-cry of *Nullification*; that simple song, having failed to produce its desired effect, has received the addition of a little *variation*, as musicians term it, and the cry now is, that we are making an effort to produce *disunion*, by exciting the South on the subject of slave emancipation. That we entertain the slightest wish for a dissolution of the Union, we most peremptorily and solemnly deny; and we fling back the foul aspersion upon those who utter it, with infinitely more contempt for their egregious folly and impudence in attempting to give it credence with an intelligent community, than anger for their insidious and malicious designs.

We know much, from personal observation, of the New-England character, we know that the people of that section are generally well educated: they are our countrymen, we have many personal friends among them, and for these reasons, we are as much inclined to do *them* justice, as any other people. But we cannot, without infatuation, close our eyes and ears to glaring facts and well attested rumors, and these assure us that the spirit of fanaticism, under the mask of philanthropy, and political and pecuniary speculation, are hard at work, in that quarter, in maturing a scheme which, if carried into effect, will produce a scene here, at the South, at which the heart sickens, and humanity shudders.

Whatever our open enemies, or our *pretended friends* may say to the contrary, *we* are *not* fond of political excitement: we were reluctant to believe that any feeling existed, extensively at the North, hostile to the peace and security of the South; and, even now, we are willing to admit our disbelief that the great mass of the people, there, are intent upon measures destructive of our safety and happiness: but we cannot, will not, conceal what we do know, that the work is begun, that some printing presses advocate the *immediate emancipation* of the slaves, that some men of influence have given to it their countenance, and that at least one individual of talents, and high character, has gone so far as to declare, in a respectable periodical, published in Boston, that,—"*Were the Slaves of the South now in general insurrection, and in open war with the whites; and were I forced to choose one side or the other, I would join the insurgents, and strike with them for the rights of man.*" These are facts susceptible of the clearest and strongest proof; and yet, if a Southern editor dares to give them publicity, he immediately incurs the abuse, not only of the whole Northern press, with a few honorable exceptions, but likewise of the meek and *submissive* fraternity at the South, who have arrogated to themselves, *par excellence*, the enticing name of Union men! They may wrap themselves in their mantles of arrogance,—like pharisees congratulate themselves that they are the only *true and pure patriots*, and go on with their [illegible]; but they shall not deter us from the performance of our duty, from warning the South of the impending storm, and convincing the North against [illegible] elements which must whelm this whole country in ruin, or at best dissever this glorious confederacy.

That we speak "from the book," and not from idle, mischievous rumors, our readers will see by turning to another part of our paper and there reading extracts, which may convince all but the wilfully incredulous. We repeat that we are opposed to all untimely and unnecessary excitement; but we think that when the press in one section of the country departs from its legitimate course, and makes a business of disseminating poison, it is high time for those who are the destined victims, to take precaution, and to be prepared to obviate the subtle and fatal plague.

◆

### PATENT REPUBLICANS.

In his speech, in the Senate during the winter of 1830, on the subject of State Rights, Mr. Webster observed, in allusion to Mr. Hayne that nothing more was necessary for one who was tired of being called a federalist, than to give in his adhesion at the *white house*, (meaning the Presidents palace,) and he would come out a PATENT REPUBLICAN, *dyed in the wool!*

The phrase, *dyed in the wool*, has a technical meaning well known to dealers in cloths: it means cloth, the material of which, was dyed before it was spun, which makes the color more permanent than if it had been dyed after the weaving.

We think that Mr. Hayne might now retort upon the able Senator from Massachusetts.—The latter gentleman, after having repeatedly distinguished himself as a federal leader, was so much tickled with the proclamation which was issued from the *palace* in December last, that he, forthwith determined to take the effectual *dip*, and he came out, too, a PATENT REPUBLICAN!

He has been, recently, *on a wool-gathering* excursion in Ohio and Western Pennsylvania, where, we doubt not, he succeeded admirably. At the same time the celebrated dyer, of the white palace, was carrying on his trade in New England for the benefit of his heir, little Martin,—Quere, How many *dips* did it take to convert Harrison G. Otis, of Hartford Convention—memory, *et id omne genus*, into PATENT REPUBLICANS?

◆

### THE DOWNING FAMILY.

This ancient and respectable, though eccentric family, has contributed, for some months past, more matter, interesting to newspaper readers, than all the royal families of all Europe and Asia put together.

In the columns of this paper, we present to our readers another epistle from Major Jack, in which he gives a short sketch of the ceremony which took place at Harvard, in conferring the degree of L. L. D. upon President Jackson.

Inasmuch as the faculty of Harvard shewed so little judgement, as to confer an honorary degree on the President, and at the same time overlook the superior merits of Major Jack, we propose that the Editorial fraternity of the U. States, shall manifest their gratitude to the worthy Major for the mass of matter that he has afforded them, by giving him a recommendation, accompanied with a complete edition of his letters, as we doubt not these would ensure for him a whole page of titles.

In reference to the degree conferred upon the President, we, somewhat negligently, spoke of it, in a few remarks on our first page, as though it were the degree of *M. D.*, (Doctor of Medicine) while in fact, it was the degree of *Doctor of Laws*, as the Major's letter reminds us.

Doubtless the President owes this honor, as Major Downing suggests, to the specimen of his literature exhibited in the *Dinsmore letter*, and to the great legal erudition which was evinced in his construction of *the 2nd Section*.

◆

In another part of this paper our readers will find part of an address delivered by Judge Story of Massachusetts, at the consecration of a new burying-ground near Boston.

We have seldom met with a more exquisite composition; it is at once simple, chaste, rich in diction and imagery, and appropriately solemn and affecting. We should be pleased to see this address extensively circulated. It is an eloquent appeal to the feelings and the reason on a subject which we all, at some period of our lives, consider worth our attention, but one which we are too apt to postpone to the common business and transactions of the world.—The address is so long that we shall publish it in two or three parts, but long as it is we think no one of refined sensibility or taste will tire with reading it.

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### INTERNAL IMPROVEMENT.

A meeting of the friends of Internal Improvement is to be held in Hillsborough on the 2nd Monday in September. We hope the counties lying West of that place will not neglect to send delegates. If the present excitement on this important subject, unfortunately, subsides without producing some substantial benefit, we shall almost despair of seeing any thing effected in North Carolina, to improve her condition, during the present generation. For it is, perhaps, as true in regard to the body politic, as it is to the natural body, that every excitement impairs its excitability; and consequently if the present effort fails, it will be more difficult, in future, to impart tone and energy to the State. Then, let every nerve be braced, and every sinew strengthened, let the true friends of their "native land," and the generous sons of North Carolina by adoption, unite in one vigorous effort, and we venture to predict that our State will be regenerated, and elevated to that rank in the confederacy, to which her natural advantages encourage her to aspire.

We [illegible] that *Twelve Thousand Five Hundred* [illegible] have been added to the Rail Road Subscription, since our last—making in all *One Hundred and Twenty Five Thousand Five Hundred* Dollars, in this town alone. Between *Twelve* and *Thirteen Thousand* Dollars have been subscribed at Smithville, Brunswick County, where the Books have been opened but a very short time. *Wilmington "Press."*

To the Editor[illegible]

Sir:

[illegible] perance Society [illegible] be requested to publish [illegible] cation, the following [illegible] insert, if you are, [illegible] dly to the same [illegible]

On the 19th November [illegible] persons, belonging to the [illegible] gation, met together and [illegible] der the name of "Third Creek [illegible] Society." Thirty-seven p[illegible] signed the Constitution, after [illegible] wing persons were elected o[illegible]

ABEL GRAHA[illegible]

ROB'T. JOHNS[illegible]

Jacob Krider, Sec'y.

The Rev. A. Y. Lockridge prop[illegible] cussion, at the next meeting, the question—"Can a farm be better [illegible] with ardent spirits than without it?"

The proposition was agreed to, and a[illegible] appropriate prayer by the Rev. Mr. Lockr[illegible] the Society adjourned.

July 28th 1833, the Society met, and was opened by prayer from the Rev. Mr. Lockridge. The Constitution was then read, and five new members came forward and subscribed their names.

Dr. Mebane delivered an able address on the subject submitted for discussion, at a former meeting, and was followed by Mr. Lockridge; both concurring in the opinion that the use of ardent spirits on farms was injurious.

Upon invitation, fifteen persons then came forward and subscribed as members.

On motion of the Rev. Mr. Lockridge the following resolutions were then adopted.

*Resolved*, That the thanks of this Society be given to Dr. Mebane for his able address.

*Resolved*, That a committee of two be appointed to correspond with the other Temperance Societies of this County, on the expediency of sending a suitable person to raise the standard of Temperance in neighborhoods now destitute.

On motion of Robert Johnson, it was resolved, that the Rev A. Y. Lockridge, and Jacob Krider be appointed a committee of correspondence to carry into effect the object last named.

On motion of the Rev. A. Y. Lockridge, it was resolved that the Rev. P. J. Sparrow be invited to deliver a discourse on the last Wednesday in October, and that the Rev. S. Frontice be his alternate.

Ordered that the Secretary send a copy of these proceedings for publication.

The Society then adjourned.

JACOB KRIDER, Sec'y.

### ROCK-SPRING TEMPERANCE MEETING.

Whereas, we view Temperance as a blessing, and one, too, highly important, to the community at large; and whereas, we believe a frequency of nourishment and cultivation is necessary to exhilarate, and quicken the progress of such institutions; therefore, instead of holding our meetings annually, we, the board, have resolved to hold quarterly meetings, which we believe will add more vigor and prosperity to our society. And we further recommend our brethren of similar societies, to adopt the same plan.

On the 3rd Sabbath of August next, (the 18th day,) this society has appointed, and will hold, a meeting: at the same time and place, the Rev. Mr. Hill, President, will preside, and deliver a sermon on the subject of Temperance. Publication is therefore given to all those who feel an interest in the Temperance cause, towards its advancement in our circle of acquaintance: and they are respectfully solicited to attend on that day, when and where there will be a convenient time for the reception of members, and great interest in hearing.

May those who fall by misfortune, be lifted up by the hand of friendship.

A. NEWSOM, Sec. of the Board.

*Jackson-Hill, Davidson Co. N. C.*
*July 27th* 1833.

### OBITUARY.

WILLIAM N. HAMPTON, the subject of the following memoir, was born and raised in Iredell County, near Statesville; but for the last few months had been studying the Languages, under the tutorship of the Rev. P. J. Sparrow. He had been thinking seriously on the subject of Religion for some time past, and had almost concluded that he was a christian. But about four weeks since, at the commencement of a protracted meeting held in this place, by three Baptist brethren, he feared that he had been deceiving himself, and resolved to try to get a good hope through grace. He succeeded in obtaining the object he so much desired, in the first few days of the protracted meeting.

Shortly after his submission to King Jesus, he was taken ill with the bilious fever. In the commencement of his sickness he said, "that he was convinced, that a death bed was a bad place for repentence," and added, "that if he had not made his peace with God before he was taken unwell, he believed he never should have done it."

He bore all his afflictions with a christian fortitude and patience. He frequently stated during his illness, "that he thought he should die." He was permitted to enjoy a very comfortable state of mind during all his afflictions; but on the day before he died, he had a clear manifestation of the presence and preciousness of his Saviour. He spake in terms of rapture of his Saviour's mission on earth, his death, resurrection and ascension. He called his father and mother, his brother, all the white and black family to his bed side, that he might exhort them and pray for them. His language to them was, "*prepare for death before it should come. Repent and do it* [illegible]" [illegible] he felt confident that had he died [illegible] ago, he would have been [illegible] [illegible] the council his [illegible] [illegible] ted that he [illegible] [illegible] him with [illegible] his impenitent friends, that he gave it as his last testimony, "that he earnestly warned all impenitent sinners not to put off the day of repentance till a death bed." [illegible] would [illegible]

After singing [illegible] pray, and his emphatic language [illegible] *all pray.*" After prayer, at his request, we sung the 65 hymn 3 book (Watts) to the tune the happy land with the chorus,

"I am bound for the happy land."

While we were singing this hymn, Rev. P. J. Sparrow came in the room, when we finished singing this hymn, he made this beautiful expression, which I shall never forget, "yes it is a happy land, there is no two ways about it." He said, "I am not only willing, to die; but I am anxious to go and be with my Saviour in glory." He then asked Mr. Sparrow to pray for him, and his language again was, "*let us all pray.*"

He seemed to have a full view of his Saviours preciousness, and have a fortaste of those enjoyments that are laid up at the right hand of God in Heaven for all those who love and serve His Son.

Our dear, departed friend whom we loved as a christian, and as a class mate, said many other things that will be long remembered and appreciated by us; but we think we have said enough to show that Religion and Religion alone, can support the soul in the hour of death. He became very weak after making the exertion he did to exhort and pray for his friends and was able to say but little more. He fell asleep in the arms of his Saviour without a groan or without moving a hand or foot, two minutes before 5 o'clock A. M., Aug. 9th.

Dear reader! Are you a christian? If you are really a child of God, then you have that religion that will support you when you are placed on a bed of death, as it did our dear friend.

Reader! If your own conscience tell you now that you are destitute of religion, we pray you as your best friend, to set about this work in good earnest. Never rest until you find the Lord Jesus Christ precious to your soul.

We give it as our firm conviction, that death like that of our friend, speaks more for the reality of the religion of the Bible, than volumes can speak.

May God grant, that every unconverted sinner who reads or hears this memoir, may be disposed to accept of that pardon that is freely offered in the Gospel.

*One who witnessed his last moments.*

## DIED,

The 13th inst., at his residence in Oxford, Granville County, the Hon. Leonard Henderson, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of N Carolina. Judge Henderson was the last survivor of the three, who were first elected to fill the bench of the Supreme Court at its establishment in 1818. He possessed, in an eminent degree, the talents, the attainments, the temper, and the manners, requisite for the discharge of the high duties of his station with ability, justice, and dignity. His deportment, in private life, his sterling integrity, and expanded benevolence, corresponded with his official eminence.

An anecdote, which a near friend of ours related to us, many years ago reflects so much honor on the disinterestedness of this excellent man that we shall make no apology for introducing it here. While a practitioner at the bar, with a high reputation, Mr. Henderson was applied to, by a young man, to go into a neighbouring circuit and prosecute the supposed murderer of the applicant's Father. A large fee was offered, and Mr. H—— at first consented to go. But, upon a little reflection, he changed his determination, observing that, the State had appointed a prosecuting officer for such cases; that it was no part of *h's* duty to go out of his way to assist in bringing a fellow being to the gallows; that he could not reconcile it with his feelings to engage, in such a case—merely for the *pecuniary* compensation; and should therefore decline the offer.

At the residence of James Locke Esq. in Iredell county on the 6th of Aug. after a short but distressing sickness Mrs. Jane Matthews, widow of the late Muscenden Matthews Esq. aged 60 years. Mrs. Mathews was we believe for more than 40 years a worthy & exemplary member of the Presbyterian Church. She will be long remembered with heart felt interest by many of her surviving friends and neighbors. Mrs. Mathews health had for some time been rapidly declining. She was taken with her last sickness from home; but kind, beloved friends (who shewed her every kind attention her situation required) made her way to a [illegible] season at Third Creek. She was not, however, permitted [illegible] with those who were associated [illegible] tive and joyful [illegible] she has we doubt [illegible] sweeter and [illegible] [illegible] spirits, in the [illegible] [illegible] in the regions [illegible] [illegible] the dead [illegible] henceforth; yea, [illegible] rest from their labours; [illegible] them."

MAR[illegible]

[illegible]

ATTENTION [illegible]
ROWAN TROOP[illegible]

YOU will parade in [illegible] the last Thursday [illegible] o'clock, equipt [illegible]

By order [illegible]

[illegible] O. S.

*Aug.* 22, 1833. [illegible]

To Cabinet-Makers.

TWO or three good workmen at the cabinet business can get employment by calling on me, at Mocksville, in Rowan County.

[illegible] AUSTIN.

*August* 20*th*, 18[illegible]

NEW YORK FARMER,

AND

AMERICAN GARDENER'S MAGAZINE.

*Whole number, Volume 6. New Series, Volume First, No. 1, for January* 1833, *is just published.*

THIS is an Agricultural periodical, published *monthly* containing 32 large quarto pages of three columns each, devoted particularly to *Agriculture, Horticulture, &c.* It will also contain much interesting matter upon other subjects, such for instance as road making and repairing, together with [illegible] for common roads, with [illegible] of improving internal [illegible]. Its main object, however, is to collect from those who cultivate the soil *scientifically*, and [illegible], and to disseminate such information as they tend to improve the mode of cultivation [illegible] country. No person will deny the utility of such a publication properly conducted; nor will any one [illegible] me when I say that such a paper cannot be properly conducted and handsomely executed, without an extensive circulation and prompt payment to meet its expenses.

Terms, THREE Dollars per annum, in advance; and will not be sent without, as [illegible] it will not pay a commission for collecting, nor bear the loss arising from want of punctuality on the part of subscribers.

D. K. MINOR, Proprietor,
35 Wall-street, New-York.

SALISBURY
FEMALE SEMINARY.

THE exercises will be resumed on the 1st day of October next. Tuition per session (5 months) $[illegible]. Drawing and Painting, $10. Music, $[illegible] paid in advance.

88tf BENJ. [illegible], Principal.

*Salisbury, Aug.* 9*th* 1833.

Dissolution of
COPARTNERSHIP.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the copartnership between the subscribers, has been dissolved this day. All persons indebted to the firm, will call and settle their accounts with Hugh Culverhouse, by the last day of this month, or they will be placed in the hands of an officer for collection.

JAMES HUMPHREYS.
HUGH CULVERHOUSE.

*Salisbury, Aug.* 6, 1833.

State of North-Carolina,
LINCOLN COUNTY.

NOTICE.

IT [illegible]

*July* 24*th* 1833. [illegible]

DR. [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] AT THIS OFFICE.

Blank Deeds,

[illegible]

[illegible] will become [illegible] that the beauties of the country are not to be discovered in a stage coach moving *night & day* at the rate of 7 miles an hour, and that the wonders of Nia[illegible]ra are not to be seen, nor its grandeur experienced in a hasty glance when the body and mind are alike labouring under the fatigue and excitement incident to a passage, from [illegible]

[illegible]ion,
Looks of unutterable expression,
Whispers fraught with chaste confession,
Pass within the Gondola.

Eye no more from eye retreating,
Heart with heart in concert beating,
Lip with lip in rapture meeting:—
Blessed be the Gondola.

On a bank enriched with flowers,
Clust'ring vines, and fragrant bowers,
Lovers rest the sultry hours.—
Safely moored the Gondola.

Converse sweet all care dispelling,
Love no ill, no change foretelling,
Heaven within their shady dwelling,—
Silent rests the Gondola.

Evening skies are purpling over,
Glitt'ring stars their fires recover—
Arms entwining maid and lover
Ling'ring seek the Gondola.

From the grove a rival stealing,
Reckless of the vesper pealing,
Thirst of blood his blade revealing,
Hastens to the Gondola.

Hark! those shrieks to Heaven pleading,
Prayers and pious masses needing!—
Peasants weep o'er lovers bleeding
Lifeless in the Gondola.

While the moon is fondly playing
With the stream, in silence straying,
Love in death the tide conveying,
Slowly floats the Gondola.

Passing boatmen gazed affrighted,
As the moonbeams coldly lighted
On the forms that lay united,
In the fatal Gondola.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### *Address of Judge Story, at the consecration of Mount Auburn Cemetery.*

"MY FRIENDS,—The occasion which brings us together has much in it calculated to awaken our sensibilities, and cast a solemnity over our thoughts.

"We are met to consecrate these grounds exclusively to the service and repose of the dead.

"The duty is not new; for it has been performed for countless millions. The scenery is not new; for the hill and the valley, the still, silent dell, and the deep forest, have often been devoted to the same pious purpose. But that which must always give it a peculiar interest is, that it can rarely occur except it does, it must address itself to feelings intelligible to all nations, and common to all hearts.

"The patriarchal language of four thousand years ago is precisely that to which we would now give utterance. We are 'strangers and sojourners' here. We have need of 'a possession of a burying-place, that we may bury our dead out of our sight.' Let us have 'the field, and the cave which is therein; and all the trees that are in the field, and that are in the borders round about;' and let them 'be made sure for a possession of a burying-place.'

"It is the duty of the living thus to provide for the dead. It is not a mere office of pious regard for others; but it comes home to our own bosoms, as those who are soon to enter up on the common inheritance.

"If there are any feelings of our nature, not bounded by earth, and yet stopping short of the skies, which are more strong and more universal than all others, they will be found in our solicitude as to the time and place and manner of our death; in the desire to die in the arms of our friends; to have the last sad offices to our remains performed by their affection; to repose in the land of our nativity; to be gathered to the sepulchres of our fathers. It is almost impossible for us to feel, nay, even to feign, indifference on such a subject.

"Poetry has told us this truth in lines of transcendent beauty and force, which find a response in every breast;

'For who, to dumb Forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing, anxious being e'er resigned,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, ling'ring look behind?
On some fond breast the parting soul relies;
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
Even from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
Even in our ashes live their wonted fires.'

[illegible]ve quar[illegible]
[illegible]ed among themselves, because there [illegible]
a general eagerness to overreach each [illegible]
or in the distribution of the money [illegible]
dispute the justice of the rule [illegible]
allotting the bounty [illegible] of se-

[illegible]ity remains [illegible] the tender regard of [illegible] whom we leave behind; that the spot where they shall lie will be remembered with a fond and soothing reverence; that our children will visit it in the midst of their sorrows; and our kindred in remote generations feel that a local inspiration hovers round it.

"Let him speak who has been on a pilgrimage of health to a foreign land. Let him speak, who has watched at the couch of a dying friend, far from his chosen home. Let him speak, who has committed to the bosom of the deep, with a sudden, startling plunge, the narrow shroud of some relative or companion. Let such speak, and they will tell you, that there is nothing which wrings the heart of the dying,—aye, and of the surviving,—with sharper agony than the thought that they are to sleep their last sleep in the land of strangers, or in the unseen depths of the ocean.

"'Bury me not, I pray thee,' said the patriarch Jacob, 'bury me not in Egypt: but I will lie with my fathers. And thou shalt carry me out of Egypt; and bury me in their burying-place.'—'There are buried Abraham and Sarah his wife; there they buried Isaac and Rebecca his wife; and there I buried Leah.'

"Such are the natural expressions of human feeling, as they fall from the lips of the dying. Such are the reminiscences that forever crowd on the confines of the passes to the grave. We seek again to have our home there with our friends, and to be blessed by a communion with them. It is a matter of instinct, not of reasoning. It is a spiritual impulse, which supercedes belief, and disdains question.

"But it is not chiefly in regard to the feelings belonging to our own mortality, however sacred and natural, that we should contemplate the establishment of repositories of this sort. There are higher moral purposes, and more affecting considerations, which belong to the subject. We should accustom ourselves to view them rather as means than as ends; rather as influences to govern human conduct, and to moderate human suffering, than as cares incident to a selfish foresight.

"It is to the living mourner—to the parent, weeping over his dear dead child—to the husband, dwelling in his own solitary desolation—to the widow, whose heart is broken by untimely sorrow—to the friend, who misses at every turn the presence of some kindred spirit,—it is to these, that the repositories of the dead bring home thoughts full of admonition, of instruction, and, slowly, but surely, of consolation also. They admonish us, by their very silence, of our own frail and transitory being. They instruct us in the true value of life, and in its noble purposes, its duties and its destination. They spread around us, in the reminiscences of the past, sources of pleasing though melancholy reflection.

"We dwell with pious fondness on the characters and virtues of the departed; and, as time interposes its growing distances between us and them, we gather up with more solicitude the broken fragments of memory, and weave, as it were, into our very hearts, the threads of their history. As we sit down by their graves, we seem to hear the tones of their affection whispering in our ears. We listen to the voice of their wisdom, speaking in the depths of our souls. We shed our tears; but they are no longer the burning tears of agony. They relieve our drooping spirits, and come no longer over us with a deathly faintness. We return to the world, and we feel ourselves purer, and better, and wiser, from this communion with the dead.

"I have spoken of but feelings and associations common to all ages, and all generations of men—to the rude and the polished—to the barbarian & the civilized—to the bond and the free—to the inhabitant of the dreary forests of the north, and the sultry [illegible] to the worshipper [illegible] the worshipper of [illegible], dwelling in the [illegible] mythology, and [illegible]icing in the light [illegible] Every where we [illegible] characteristic re[illegible] distant ages and [illegible]ar back as human his[illegible]tradictionary outlines. [illegible] in the barrows, and [illegible]ounds of olden times, [illegible] uninstructed affection of [illegible]; and, every where, the [illegible] to have been selected with tender regard to the living [illegible] dead; that the magnificence [illegible]e might administer comfort to [illegible] sorrow, and incite human sym[illegible]

[illegible]he aboriginal Germans buried [illegible] dead in groves consecrated by [illegible]ir priests. The Egyptians gratified their pride and soothed their grief, by interring them in their Elysian fields, or embalming them in their vast catacombs, or inclosing them in their stupendous pyramids, the wonder of all succeeding ages. The Hebrews watched with religious care over their places of burial. They selected for this purpose ornamented gardens, and deep forests, and fertile valleys, and lofty mountains; and they still designate them with a sad emphasis, as the "House of the Living." The ancient Asiatics lined the approaches to their cities with sculptured sarcophagi, and mausoleums, & other ornaments embowered in shrubbery, traces of which may be seen among their magnificent ruins. The Greeks exhausted the resources of their exquisite art in adorning the habitations of the dead. They discouraged interments within the limits of their cities; and consigned their reliques to shady groves in the neighborhood of murmuring streams and mossy fountains, close by the favorite resorts of those who were engaged in the study of philosophy and nature, and called them, with the elegant expressiveness of their own beautiful language, CEMETERIES,[*] or "Places of Repose." The Romans, faithful to the example of Greece, erected the monuments to the dead in the suburbs of the eternal city, (as they proudly denominated it,) on the sides of their spacious roads, in the midst of trees and ornamental walks and ever-varying flowers. The Appian way was crowded with columns, and obelisks, and cenotaphs, to the memory of her heroes and sages; and, at every turn, the short but touching inscription met the eye,—Siste, Viator—Pause, Traveller—inviting at once to sympathy and thoughtfulness. Even the humblest Roman could read on the humblest grave-stone the kind offering—"May the earth lie lightly on these remains!"[†] And the Moslem successors of the emperors, indifferent as they may be to the ordinary exhibitions of the fine arts, place their burying-grounds in rural retreats, and embellish them with studious taste as a religious duty. The cypress is planted at the head and foot of every grave and waves, with a mournful solemnity over it. These devoted grounds possess an inviolable sanctity. The ravages of war never reach them; and victory and defeat equally respects the limits of their domain. So that it has been remarked with equal truth and beauty, that while the cities of the living are subject to all the desolations and vicissitudes incident to human affairs, the cities of the dead enjoy an undisturbed repose, without even the shadow of change.

"But I will not dwell upon facts of this nature. They demonstrate, however, the truth of which I have spoken. They do more; they furnish reflections suitable for our own thoughts on the present occion.

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[*] Cholmeteria...literally places of sleep.

[†] "Sit tibi terra levis."

*(To be Continued.)*

## A GENTLE REPROOF.

There is no sound which grates more harshly on the ear of a man of feeling, generous disposition, than to hear a brutal husband speak harshly to an amiable wife. The wretch who can treat a *woman* ill, deserve the contempt of his fellow creatures—but when that woman is one who looks to him for support, for kindness and protection—one whose path through life, he is bound by every noble principle to strew with flowers, the brute who plants the *thorns* instead, like Cain should have a mark set upon his forehead, that he may be known and shunned by every honest man. But there is many a worthy woman, who could tell an effecting tale of patient suffering under unmerited abuse.

Zachariah Hodgdon was not naturally an illnatured man. It was a want of reflection, more than a corrupt and ungenerous heart, that led him to consider his wife in the light of an inferior being, and to treat her more like a *slave* than an equal. If he met with any thing abroad to ruffle his temper, his wife was sure to suffer when he came home. His meals were always ill-cooked, and whatever the poor woman did to please him was sure to have a contrary effect. She bore his ill-humor in silence for a long time, but finding it to increase, she adopted a method of reproving him for his unreasonable conduct, which had the happiest effect.

One day, as Zachariah was going to his daily avocation after breakfast, he purchased a fine large cod-fish, and sent it home with directions to his wife to have it cooked for dinner. As no particular mode of cooking was prescribed, the good woman well knew that whether she boiled it, or fried it or made it into chowder, her husband would scold her when he came home. But she resolved to please him once if possible, and therefore cooked portions of it in several different ways. She also with some little difficulty, procured an amphibious animal from a brook back of the house, and plumped him into the pot. In due time her husband came home—some covered dishes were placed on the table, and with a frowning, fault-finding look, the moody man commenced the conversation.

"Well wife, did you get the fish I bought?"

"Yes my dear."

"I should like to know how you have cooked it—I will bet any thing you have spoiled it for my eating.—*(Taking off the cover.)* I thought so. What in the d——l's name possessed you to fry it? I would as lief eat a boiled frog."

"Why, my dear, I thought you loved it best fried."

"You did not think any such thing. You knew better—I never loved fried fish—why did'nt you boil it?"

"My dear, the last time we had fresh fish, you know I boiled it, and you said you liked it better fried. I did it merely to please you. But I have boiled some also." So saying she lifted a cover, and lo! the shoulders of the Cod nicely boiled, were neatly deposited on a dish; a sight which would have made an epicure rejoice, but which only added to the ill-nature of her husband.

"A pretty dish this!" exclaimed he,—"Boiled fish!—Chips and porridge. If you had not been one of the most stupid of woman kind you would have made it into chowder."

His patient wife, with a smile, immediately placed a tureen before him containing an excellent chowder.

"My dear," said she, "I was resolved to please you. There is your favorite dish."

"Favorite dish indeed," grumbled the discomfitted husband. "I dare say it is an unpalateable wishy-washy mess. I would rather have a boiled frog than the whole of it."

This was a common expression of his and had been anticipated by his wife, who as soon as the preference was expressed, uncovered a large dish at her husband's right hand, & there was a *bull frog* of portentous dimensions and pugnacious aspect stretched out at full length! Zachariah sprung from his chair not a little frightened at the unexpected apparition.

"Why dear," said his wife, in a kind, entreating tone, "I hope you will at length be able to make a dinner."

Zachariah could not stand this. His surly mood was finally overcome and he burst out into a hearty laugh. He acknowledged that his wife was right, and that he was wrong—and declared that she should never again have occasion to read him such another lesson. And he was as good as his word. *Lowel Journal.*

### *NEGROES WANTED.*

THE subscriber wishes to purchase a number of

**YOUNG NEGROES,**

of both sexes, for the next twelve months. Any person having such property for sale, would do well to apply to him, at the Mansion Hotel, as he will give the most liberal prices in cash. The subscriber is not concerned this year with James Huie, in the purchase of negroes.

ROBERT HUIE.

Letters to the subscriber will be promptly attended to, in person, or by Josiah Huie, who is authorised to purchase for him at all times. R. H.

*Salisbury, July 18, 1833* 85tf

### New Tailor Shop
### *IN LEXINGTON N. C.*
### *Mr Theophilus M. Simpson*

MOST respectfully informs his friends, & the public at large, that he is now carrying on the Tailoring Business, in all its various branches in the town of Lexington, N. C. in the shop East of the Court House, formerly occupied by P. Fowler.

He regularly receives the latest New York and Philadelphia fashions, which will enable him to make any gentleman

*A fashionable suit of Clothes,*

on short notice, and in a superior style of workmanship. He hopes by assiduous attention to business to merit a share of public patronage.

*April 12, 1833,* 71tf

### NEW CHEAP
### *Spring & Summer*
### GOODS.

THE firm of HACKETT & LEMLY having been dissolved, the business in future will be conducted by

S. LEMLY & SON.

Who are receiving direct from

***New-York & Philadelphia,***

A COMPLETE ASSORTMENT OF

**Spring and Summer**

**GOODS,**

*Of the latest Importations, consisting of*

**Dry-Goods, & Groceries,**

**Hats, Bonnets & Shoes,**

***Hard-Ware, Cutlery, and***

**PLATED WARE,**

***Saddlery, Crockery, &c. &c.***

*—ALSO—*

A GENERAL ASSORTMENT OF

*Carpenter's, Cabinet-Maker's, and*

**Blacksmith's Tools.**

LIKEWISE, A GOOD SUPPLY OF

**Greek, Latin and English**

***SCHOOL BOOKS,***

And all other articles usually kept in retail Stores, which they intend selling at small profits for cash, or on a short credit to punctual dealers.

They respectfully invite their friends, and the public generally, to call and examine the assortment for themselves.

Cotton, Corn, Oats, Flaxseed, Beeswax, Tallow, and almost every description of country produce will be taken at fair prices, in exchange for goods.

*Salisbury, N. C. 1st May, 1833.* 74tf

### *TO THE PUBLIC.*

ON the night of the 4th of July inst. some person entered my house and stole out of my pocket a calf-skin or sheep-skin pocket-book containing about one hundred and eighty dollars in bank bills, and also sundry Judgments, Executions and notes, among which the following are recollected, to wit:

A Judgment and Execution in favour of John Woods vs. Hiram Prather for a sum between $25 or $30.00.

A Judgment and Execution in favour of A. Torrence, Admr. vs Epraim Erwin for about $32,00, al o a bond on Erwi for the delivery of property levied on to satisfy that Execution.

A Judgment and Execution plaintiff not recollected vs R. Torrentine and J. Torrentine placed in my hands by David M'Ewen.

A Judgment and Execution in favour of Shuford vs Joseph Stephenson for about 5.00.

A Judgment and Execution vs Milas Stewart for about $2.00.

A note on A. D. Brooks and J. Tanner to James Mcknight, due 4th July, 1833 for $3.00.

A note given by Elijah J. Smoot to L. H. Alexander, date and amount not recollected.

The foregoing papers besides others that cannot now be recollected so as to describe them, were placed in my hands as an officer for collection, and the persons who are indebted thereon are notified not to pay their accounts to any person except myself, Joseph P. Caldwell, Theophelus Falls, or William F. Cowan. Those who hold my official receipts for papers are requested to present them for adjustment to one of the above named persons.

JOHN H. SMITH,
*Constable.*

*Statesville, July 5, 1833.* 84tf

N. B. We have been informed by Mr. J. H. Smith, that the pocket book and most of the papers have been found, but none of the money.

### NOTICE.

THE certificate for Four shares of the Capital or Joint Stock of the State Bank of North Carolina, subscribed for in the name of Ja's. Locke and transferred to Philip Hanes late of Rowan county, N. C. dec'd, being lost or mislaid, Notice is hereby given to all persons concerned that I shall apply to the President of said Bank, either in person or by agent to issue a duplicate thereof. 77—3m

GEORGE HANES, *Ex'r.*

*Salisbury, May 24th 1833.*

### *CHARLESTON and CHERAW,*
### THE STEAM BOAT MACON

CAPT. J. C. GRAHAM having been engaged last summer, in running between Charleston and Cheraw calling at Geo. Town on her way up and down, will resume her Trips in the course of a few days and is intended to be continued in the trade the ensuing season.

Her exceeding light draft of Water drawing when loaded only about four and a half feet water will enable her to reach Cheraw at all times except, an uncommon low river, when her cargo will be lightened at the Expence of Boat.

J. B CLOGH.

*Charleston Sept 26, 1831.*

N. B. She has comfortable accommodations for a few passengers. 92

J. B. C.

### Administrator's
### SALE.

*THE SUBSCRIBER*

WILL sell at Auction, in Wade[illegible]borough, on Monday the [illegible] of September next, (it being the w[illegible] of Anson Superior Court,) on a c[illegible]it of twelve months, all that v[illegible]

*Stock of Goods*

Belonging to the estate of Tho[illegible] Y. H[illegible]z, dec'd., consisting of

***DRY GOODS,***

***Groceries,***

**Hardware and Cutlery**

AMONG WHICH, ARE THE FOLLOW[illegible]

*SUPERFINE BROAD CLOTH[illegible]*

*Cassimeres, Linens,*
*Cassinetts, Silks,*
*Circassians, Satins,*
*Bombazetts, Muslins,*
*Bombazines, Domestics, (A[illegible] Variety,)*
*Flannels, Hats, (Fine and Common,)*
*Blankets, Boots,*
*Vestings, Shoes, (Gentlemen's and Ladies')*
*Saddles, Coffee, &c. &c.*

Together with an assortment of all the

**Fancy Goods**

Usually kept by village Merchan[illegible]

ALSO, at the same time and pla[illegible] all the Household and Kitchen furniture, several head of Horses and Cattle, and several VALUABLE NEGROES.

The sale will continue from day to day, until all is sold.

Further particulars will be made known on the day of sale.

WALTER G. JONES, *Adm'r.*

*Wadesboro', July 20, 1833.* [illegible]

### NOTICE.

THE Subscriber having qualified as Executrix of the Estate of Alexander R. Caldcleugh, deceased, gives notice to all persons having demands against said Estate to present them for payment within the time prescribed by act of Assembly, otherwise, they will be barred of recovery by the operation of said act. All persons indebted to said estate, are requested to come forward and pay, or secure their debts without delay.

E. S. CALDCLEUGH, *Exr'x.*

*Davidson Co.* 31 1833 78 6m

### NOTICE.

### E. DICKSON

HAS now received the whole of his new stock consisting of all kinds of shoes for Ladies, & of every description of Boots, Shoes and Pumps for gentlemen;—which he warrants to be made of the best materials, in a substantial and fashionable manner, and which he will sell low for CASH, or to punctual customers, on a short credit.

*Salisbury, June 20, 1833.* 81tf

### *NEW BINDERY.*

WITH a view to the more efficient prosecution of their business, the Subscribers have established a

**BOOK-BINDERY.**

Having procured the best Materials from the North, and employed a Workman who comes well recommended, they are prepared to execute on moderate terms, all orders in this line.

Account Books, Records, &c. ruled and made to order: and every kind of Binding promptly executed in the best and neatest manner, on reasonable terms.

36tf J. GALES & SON.

*Raleigh Aug*

### A CARD.

### *G. WALTER JUSON, M. D.*

SURGEON DENTIST, OF RICHMOND, VA.

WILL visit Salisbury on the 27th of this month, and remain a short period, every operation requisite to preserve and beautify the Teeth will be done on moderate terms, and late approved principles.

Ladies waited on at their dwellings.

☞ The Rev. Clergy attended gratuitously. 76tf

*May 12, 1833.*

### NOTICE.

THE Certificate for thirteen shares of the Capital or Joint Stock of the State Bank of North Carolina, issued in the name of Francis Locke, (late of Rowan County N. C.) dec'd, being lost or mislaid,

*NOTICE*

is hereby given to all persons concerned, that I shall apply to the President of said Bank, either in person or by agent to issue a duplicate thereof. 13 91.

JOHN SCOTT, *Ex'r.*

*Salisbury, May 28, 1833.*

### Blank Warrants,

*Nicely Printed on Fine Paper,*

FOR SALE HERE—CHEAP

### *Blank Deeds,*

OF every description, neatly Printed, and kept constantly for sale at this office.